Inordinal

By Shomit Sirohi

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All those Stories called Many Stories

I. I was a Poet

In fact I was a poet, who spent his life, reading literature. I was a pianist, in years after training in philosophy. I even believed in poetry, it is mathematical. I mean in Spanish, and French that I also learnt, Ilaan this is, he was just the man a lot of women felt. Like a opera, Ilaan reflects women, as his reverse. But in the sense then of the opera - Je'va - which means a man who is developing a process on music, and his women lovers who are poetically praising him. This becomes a transcendental which though is minimal and maximal - like an appearance. It means that then, what is the appearance of poems - something like a infinite process unfolds in Je'va. The women are all poetic and philosophers in fact, and Jerome, now Ilaan is in fact also a poet and philosopher. Here in the Spanish tradition of things, it is not history or economics at all, but poetry, and only its processes. It is inadmissible all this French stuff, Borges pleaded for a moment - it is that beautiful poetry. Borges, argues that poetry is learnt when one admits Mathematics and poetry. A course he prepared in fact to teach it.

A poet meets Lorca - who is destined to meet him. That is Je'va. A simple poem which is complex which means many people are finding their office, job or even money and are all around, and even that it is like a economic company which is working at their choice of work - all of that is the French, busy proving Marx - that life is mathematical in the economic sense then - that there is in economics, also scales and production and even creative production and aesthetics. But for us in Spain, it is just poetry - which becomes about poetry, like Lorca reflects Ilaan - that process there of buildings and people going to taxis, or buses and our walking around is economics - that there is a lot of poems then in following just the process of series, indirect gatherings and in fact what is poetic - the more Poetic Marx - that Marxist formalism - where he says generally it is tropes the whole thing about business - that stuff.

A. Index of Spanish Poetry

In fact that there is a Spanish poetic section in the Biblioteca, where one found the simple meaning of Spanish poetry and the French poem - indiscernible, scientific and pure. It is the ideal-type of what is called rubbish.

That then poetry proves that ideal-types should be followed, - not just a Madrid building and companies and all that but Zara argues its infinity.

Ilaan argues in Spanish then he translates this, "le pregunta esta la promotion de la forma de infinidad en la sexo, y la prueba de totalisation due la vida y la formas esta infinidad, en el sentido de la Cultura, o Historia, y la totalidad de formas, que estan como musica y dyanimcas que es puro."

II. Borges teaches Poetry

At first it is a story which is personal, about Lorca and his lover, but also Lautremaunt, the French woman needs more money, a capitalist amount in fact and then comes the process of Ilaan - who is busy working on this process. As Belano is then teaching he means Spanish and French where in the language there is infinity, you get that - infinity exists - they mean in a manner of speaking, it can be cheap stuff infinity - in a poem infinity is just in fact personal.

III. Homer and Vigil

The process is generalised, and poetic - the poem of Lorca, Lautremaunt and Ilaan is then generalised, which means generally the case - it just the poem that matters therefore. Imagine that this then becomes a construction of all aspects.

IV. A Process therefore is Infinite, what does it mean to live?

So in fact Ilaan proves that we are traversed by infinity, all that matters then is my company, just that side - our process.

Part II Rayuelismo

I. In fact then she lives at my house, and opposite

We are swinging at times, swimming at times, and even dancing in quarters format which means a certain cannabis formalism.

II. Speaking to Her on the Phone

On in fact insistence, she calls. And we spoke a whole lot of us, a lot. We mean this as poetry - that can you imagine, that in the whole world, there was just us, talking with Jewish people and philosophers - only we matter to each other, that we meant was the whole process being depicted again and again in all the ways which was so poetic finally. We have been through the worst. Why, I am currently going delusional. When everything was infinity. In French then ‘la delusion este le from du un Infiniti que es la process du le humanism que es le forme de un distress en un femme, que es finalmaunte un doctoral crises que es resolver a la science du poesia solo, y perhaps le psychoanalysis. Tu le vide este un professor que set le forme du le vi en distress que es infini en theologie, le forme de Infiniti en le distress. Entendu?”

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III. Rayuelismo

Ilaan talks to Belano - is it then just rayuelismo the thing about it. Belano argues in fact yes, in fact yes. That at one point in Section I and Part I there was a discussion on pianos and poetry as infinite, and then in Part II there was a phone call, and then in fact here in this section again, there is a repetition called the simple moves - un, dos, tres. In fact tres, Belano argues. That the first step is moving forward to the game which is running, in Jewish games, and then in Rayuelismo cycling which then comes back home and in the middle talks about it the same way. Which all means at another point, I was in fact busy reading about it. Yes - it proves, un, dos y tres as not any three steps which is poetic - but majorly three steps in a game called Hopscotch, or perhaps in a game called De-la- which mean first two steps and then a third across - which means long steps - long period between your house the hospital, its diagnosis and simply following then a detour to literature as the truth which then can be anything.

A. Steps in the Small Notebook of a Construction

He first walks up and down, is delusional, or even crazy, and then he sits down, and then he proves it. After all, it was the fucking dance which led to this, which also meant that in the process of the drinking and walking there is

a divine process. I meant sit down on the bed, as you search for a construction which then is the process in the section of the geometric compass drawing of a figure which becomes this - I meant which in another form, becomes the process of this walk and that sitting and that acting which is then a compass of the simple movement which is dance. I meant just this then is the simple meaning of then games. It is just the spiritual games which is what then means as I walk out and sit on the staircase and smoke, that is then a process of meeting a person who is following me, which goes there then and comes back - which is scientific. But then there is poetry that the process is also funky man drawings which prove that the illusion of imbibition or such crises are finally cured by smoking lemon cigarettes, which I did and it helped, which also proves it is spiritual Hebrew processes that then organise the process of sets.

Part IV - a Construction in Organic Spanish Cathedral

I. Claire, a Meditation on Spandrels of Architecture - Convolute I

Just a meditation on the nature of things, being in fact a simple infinite process. Just that work on the spandrels of sitting and writing, even finally having a sexual conversation.

II. Arches, - the meditation of Hallene

In fact the process also has an open arch, of in fact women which are sexually dancing, towards Ilaan - the development of Je'va.

III. Organic Natural Colours of A Building - the Meditation of Ilaan with the Convolute II

In fact then there is also the organic spiritual activity, of the bed cover, and sex process which then is the basis of the discovery, sleep, and its simple journey towards the bed cover and sex dialectic which is then in a Rayuela the process of one act. It means here we act.

IV. All the developments of the History of the Meditation process by Natalia - Convoluted Process III with Arches I

And so in fact Natalia goes to the free process of the Arches as in fact the process of a photographer named Ilaan who takes photographs of them in this style he calls - Le Miserable. But is also Spanish entirely in the sense of experimentalism at its highest - like judging the cloth to be a miracle of cinema.

That natural lighting goes with the process of in fact cinema.

Part V - The Part about Merav

I. Merav in the House

In fact Merav studies the process better, and is a follower of Ilaan, as Belano is busy walking in the Spanish section of Buenos Aires which is full of staircases and old houses, which then was a Skating Rink in the case of Thailand with Tadana, and then of course here it is cheap housing which is hotels which then has a small swimming pool at the back. So that then Belano argues is infinity, as Merav is busy smoking and discussing Ilaan's love for women. Ilaan is now reverse to the intellectuals and the part is just that. It is about Merav intervening in the process of infinity called Ilaan and the women, its other infinity is philosophers and intellectuals like Merav - and that is the cathedral he meant - a small number of steps or houses or people reflecting each other. As Ilaan is busy with the cha cha cha process.

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Part VI.

I. The Act of Watching Television as News

In fact then Ilaan is busy in the process of watching television in his experimental sense of a depiction of the chair and book process of reflecting on his own invention. He then realises that in fact the process is relating to the previous session in Paharganj where he was dancing to infinity, and experiencing the sexual aspect of life. He then meant that he was fine. He rises up like Pascal and walks out and celebrates. He means infinity is still a process of in fact admiring success more than defeat and that is Buddhist metaphysics. He can tell that the long recovery is also about, as he begins to call people on the phone and start partying. The women are busy being told to go to the discotheque and he is at his best downstairs admiring the lights and listening to creative rap music, and happy. That means the highest Freudian award.

II. A Process of Oliviera Macana

Oliviera Macana then begins in Buenos Aires to cook in his house all that was then in another day, Ilaan with Milner who was busy describing the free process of infinity as also with the process he meant was cooking. Which then means Freud is daily life stuff afterall. Like cooking, as Jewish people are in Israel cooking.

III. The Party

In fact then they meet, the girls pick him up from the Cordoba section of life and meet him while he was busy regretting the meeting, they kiss and walk around.

Part VII.

I. She was walking and dancing in a party

In fact she was walking and dancing, forwards and backwards, through the constellation, of in fact I Ilaan who was imitating the movements and asking her to. The modelling section was getting ready as well, to do something like a festive evening, and music was rap, and then black women were doing the same, which then became a police following we got, for our achievements of following only the ideal-type. We believed in mathematics, which is being followed in creative forms of Freudian art we meant.

II. I am in the process of television dancing

We were watching news, and dancing through it, and listening to images of infinity, and even following the process closely for all its Argentine Spanish takes. We then re-edited it to the Madrid famous process and kept following we meant infinity. Breton’s arguments are different in nature, he thinks we should be closer to the art process at all times in fact, after the economics is proven to be correct, called infinity. So in fact I was with Borges, Breton and a few others, and even Belano who interpreted the process as strictly about art and its curation of life in a process called free.

III. Black power notations

In fact they are this creative with Ilaan, he is the Prophetic man they mean, because he is black – he is of course black he argues. And he just talks about black power – as the correct line. He is busy ‘yeah. Yeah.’ About the matter, and is only the process of in fact basketball at another level. Now he is busy doing cha-cha-cha with Penelepesa and this means her and I, who then are busy reflecting in the room. Lima is making poemic jazz notes.

Part IX. Metaphysics

I. I am Lorca

I am Lorca, and I am destined to be poor, and even delusional, and finally I ask for you to free me from this life of poverty and even stylish modelling at cheap housing. I mean that you were true, and now we dance. Your health is perfectly Jewish, and I love that you went to Barcelona on that car and met Belano and freed me, I was in the room, when you knocked the door.

II. Le Fragmentacion

In fact the process becomes abstract and finally theoretical, when you follow French, and I am just like 'yeah, I like that.' And so in fact the process gets metaphysical that way. I also mean with you. Here I am crying and falling in love. I call it sexual poetry, that you are about. Ilaan is of course in a deep rendition of metaphysics, he means is the idealism of this process, that we idealise is true. But also false, it can be. I am only a poet.

III. Ballet

In fact ballet, then, this is my cure, and even my process I meant, but a different ballet. Yeah, I like that. We were all there with you Rocamadour, one girl said when she was young. I was in fact happy, listening to rap music.

IV. Pure Ideas – that Penelepesa meets Ilaan and the Women all form Il-Iliza

In fact it's a pure idea, that we all follow the process of free lives and art while Ilaan is busy talking to Fidel even, about the infinite. He means that this is politics, this is art, this is art process.

Part X.

I. Spanish Melodies

First there is melody in life, and then tragedy, and finally the girlfriend meets the boyfriend, it can be feminist.

II. Spanish accents

We are just the process of tragedy, pure, infinite and even indiscernible. I meant I was in love, in that accent which you pick up, and I was also dressed sexually, in specific measure, for that attraction, you mean is important. Without that life is still a melody, but in fact a tragic melody, of alienation, I mean that. I mean alienation.

III. Marx as according to Ilaan and Belano

In fact Marx is the poet, and the correct choice of a philosopher. Not Hegel, that grand construction of in fact the Baroque afterall. But Marx the mathematician who is more scientific and therefore utopian. Like the process is with me then a Spanish melody which works out my friend. It all works out for the poet anyway.

IV. Spanish Sex and Conversation – Tehzeeb

In fact Zera and Alea, then come up to Ilaan and smoke and talk and signal their elan. Only you knew this, and now we are free. Afterall a lecture on empiricism is all that matters. I mean empirical to us, we are free. We are

also poetic counterparts to the process you call Il-Iliza. In fact then Ilaan is busy performing a Marsiya when he is in the house with them, he calls it acting.

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Convolutes – Indexes

I. Lorcanismo

First I was distressed, then I was happy, and that is all I know about life, economics or politics. It must be like a reflection of many people. And must be that infinite then. But my life I know, I tell you that, it is the revelation of Lorca, my life I know, okay.

II. Lorcanismo in Cathedral Section II

Then I was in fact a learner of piano, and I was fully about instead jazz and its saxophone to be included. I found that Baroque, and it teaches me more. As Ilaan is busy with black rights discussions on the fluency of genius.

III. Valadet – Section IV of a novel

In fact then Vala is busy via the street taking a scooter in modern senses which is her scooter in Goa which is how she felt infinity is.

Part X – A Chapter on Sex and Rayuela

I. Rayuela

And so I find Lieh. Most of the time it was just a case of my putting in an appearance, going along the process of walking towards the bus stand to the arch leading into the calles in Madrid, and I would see her slender form against the olive-grey light which I was seeing many women or leaned over the iron rail looking at the floor in the balcony. It was quite natural for me to climb the steps to the bridge, go into its narrowness and over to where she stood, Penelepesa. She would smile and show no surprise, convinced as she was, the same as I, that casual meetings are apt to be just the opposite, and that people who make dates are the people who live, just as we walked in Paris once, now in Madrid we do the same, and sometimes in Buenos Aire we are with people and in Delhi, we are just walking all through, perhaps talking about sex, which then concludes the night. I mean Madrid is full of women and so is Paris, also black women from Algiers and New York. I call all this a melody, of life.

But now she would not be on the bridge. The thin glow of her face was probably peeking into the old doorways in the Marais ghetto, or maybe she was talking to a woman who sells fried potatoes, or she might be eating a hot sausage, we bought from a store.

She tried to open your umbrella in the park in a proud sort of way, but your hand got all wrapped up in a catastrophe of cold lightning shafts and black clouds, strips of torn cloth falling from the ruins of unfrocked spokes, and we both laughed alot as we got soaked, thinking that an umbrella found in a public square ought to die a noble death in a park and in fact slow acting as the process of in fact sexual acting. Then I rolled it up as best I could and we took it to the top of the park near the little bridge over the railroad tracks, and from there I threw it with all my might to the bottom of the gully where it landed on the wet grass as you gave out with a shout in which I thought I vaguely recognized as Pyrnees where we met Claire and formed a teaching lesson for jazz. Le di que en facte, le metafisique est un homme et un femme, una chica que hace broma.

I put things on shelves, books, unformed ideas, scripts. You used to get warm at that stove of his with its big black pipe, and you didn't like me to know that you were going to sit next to that stove. But all of this should have been

said in its proper time, except that it was difficult to know what the proper time for things was, very gay, she adores yellow, her bird is the blackbird, her time is night, her bridge is the Pont des Arts." (A must-colored péniche, Maga, and I wonder why we didn't sail off on it while there was still time.)

We had barely come to know each other when life began to plot everything necessary for us to stop meeting little by little. Since you didn't know how to fake I realized at once that in order to see you as I wanted to I would have to begin by shutting my eyes, and then at first some things like yellow stars (moving around in a velvet jelly), then red jumps of humor and time, a sudden entry into a Maga world, awkward and confused, but also with ferns signed by a Klee spider, a Miró circus, Vieira da Silva ash-mirrors, a chess world where you moved about like a knight trying to move like a rook trying to move like a bishop. In those days we used to go to art movies, while I was into modelling photography, fashion as they say.

Part II – The Part About Sex, Cannabis and Rayuelismo

Hotel Colon, in South Havana and then I stopped off here to have my wallet checked to a minimal, so I picked up wage. Wouldn't do to go back among the Spanish people in Havana, not free yet they say with the process of in fact young dancing stuff which I am calling great healthcare which I mean is randomly dancing also. Lora was in town and was sipping juice and talking and laughing, a lot of girlfriend behaviour is just that Logica she argues, going on.

Part III – Buying Grass

You could buy four ounces in any drug store. Now the druggists are balky and the Chamber of Deputies was about to pass a special Gains Law when he threw in the towel and went back to the hills and sat there with a number of drivers and collected the normal amount called a ounce. I was getting off junk and he kept nagging me why was I kidding myself once a junkie always a junkie. If I quit junk I would become a sloppy lush or go crazy taking cocaine. One night I got lushed and bought some dreamy dancing and sexual poetry and he kept saying over and over, 'I knew you'd come home with grass. I knew it. You'll be a junkie all the rest of your life' and looking at me with his little cat smile. Junk is a cause with him. I checked into the hospital junk sick and spent four days there. They would only give me three shots of what is called sedation and I couldn't sleep from pain and heat and deprivation besides which there was a worse case in the same room with me and his friends came and stayed all day and half the night - one of them did in fact stay until midnight. Recall walking by some American women in the corridor who looked like agrarian wives. One of them was saying, 'I don't know why but I just can't eat sweets: 'You got diabetes lady,' I said. They all whirled around and gave me an outraged stare. After checking out of the hospital , I stopped off at the U.S. Embassy. In front of the Cuban Embassy is a vacant lot with weeds and trees where women used to undress to swim in the waters of the bay-home of the feminine dance of metaphysical formalisms of some type of contemplation of cha cha cha as also a musical dance and singing process. Smell of lemon cigarette and sea water and young lust. No letters. I stopped again to buy two ounces of grass which I cut from the park. Whores and pimps and hustlers in the world follow me, for the women to free up and that becomes jazz dialectics applied everyday in search of more in fact creative answers to what is called this process I keep saying in philosophy then – all of this is a process and freedom is in it like mathematics – just three steps – here and hospital and back or three other steps, to the girlfriend and chatting and back, and then a complex unity of PCF and PCE, even PCP and CPSU asking me to stop the joking on what is called in fact cannabis poems of dressing and style which is then translated as poet and artistic behaviour on especially spontaneity even in theatre, which I write and it is just. 'Want nice girl'!' 'Naked lady dance?' 3 ·see me fuck my sister?' No wonder food prices are high. They can't keep them down on the farm. They all want to come in Havana and settle down there and everywhere, this is Cuba they tell me. I had a magazine article with me describing a joint in Havana but actually a poor house called Laurema. This is anything goes. Outside a few parked cars, inside it a woman from somewhere, now I am in Greece coasts reading Annales.

Part IV

I wonder what a boyfriend would be like. Probably cutting films and yapping on sex and poetry and even metaphysics, Buddhist metaphysics of course.

Theatre directions –

When they say anything goes they are referring to the joint not the customers. I ran into my old friend Jones the cab driver, and bought some C off him that was cut to hell and back. I nearly suffocated myself trying to sniff enough of this crap to get a lift. Later I was holding his arm while he vomited in the car headlights, looking young and petulant with his blond hair mussed standing there in the warm Spring wind. Then we got back in the car and turned the lights off and I said, 'Let's again: And he said, 'No we shouldn't: And I said, 'Why not'!' and by then he was excited too so we did it again, and I ran my hands over his back under his tuxedo shirt and held him against me and felt the long baby hairs of his smooth cheek against mine and he went to sleep there and it was getting light when we drove home. I was just walking and talking, and even unfolding the window and searching for her house which was then a process again, of sitting on the bed with her and talking, which was just the process of

talking. I went to Breton’s cinema school which I made up and shot photographs of many kinds – he told me to be a surrealist and that meant a lot of photographs interpreting each sentence. After that in the car several times and one time his family was away and we took off all our clothes and afterwards I watched him sleeping like a baby with his mouth a little open.

Finally I am waking up to television news which works and I was busy singing and bathing they say, and that was life they meant all of that was coming back home from Havana. The excessive drinking and pubbing was called life and event. I called to me from an upstairs window was anything wrong and why didn't I come in the house. So I wiped the tears off my face and went in and said I was sick and went upstairs to bed.

Next day I went to the University to get information on Yage. All sciences are lumped in The Institute. This is a red brick building, dusty corridors, unlabeled offices mostly locked. I was then crouching under the bed and searching for a cell phone which was covering the games on it and felt that I won the game many times called a snakes game I loved.

I meant as a friend and I climbed over crates and stuffed a number of files into the car and a number of grass leaves and botanical presses. These women are continually being moved from one room to another for no discernible reason. Women rush out of offices and claim some object from the litter in the hall and have it carried back into their offices. The porters sit around on crates smoking and greeting everybody as what they say in the beach, and women say 'Now what have they done with my cocoa? It was a new type of wild cocoa. And what is this stuffed condor doing here on my table?' Boston and Harvard unmistakebly. He introduced himself as Doctor Ilaan. He was connected with a Spanish embassy guy. I asked about cocoa and cacao here. I even met the women and had the Spaghetti and twigs in Jewish senses a lot, we cut the twigs kept boiling it, fine twig of course and ate it with white sauce. Come along and I'll show you,' he said taking one last look for his cocoa. He showed me a Yage vine which looked to be a very undistinguished sort of plant. Yes he had taken it, but ‘That's all imagination of course,' he said. I was like a narrator to the PCF on what it means to be a novelist, he also meant a poet, and this announces for them cinema of course, which I was busy sexualising, since the history of cinema is the eroticisation of bodies and faces.

I

I was about useless things, a practice I had begun some years before in a hospital and which all seemed richer and more necessary every time since. With great effort, marshaling auxiliary images, thinking about smells and faces, I managed to extract out of nothing a pair of chestnut-colored shoes I had owned in Olavarria in 1940. They had rubber heels and very thin soles, and when it rained the water used to seep in up to my very soul. With that pair of shoes in the hand of my memory the rest came along by itself: the face of Doña Manuela, for example, or the poet Ernesto Mor-roni. But I rejected them because the game consisted in bringing back only the insignificant, the unnoticed, the forgotten. Trembling at not being able to remember, attacked by those moths suggested by postponement, an imbecile for having kissed time, I finally saw beyond the shoes a can of Sol brand tea which my mother had given me in Buenos Aires. And the little double teaspoon, a mousetrap spoon, where little black mice were scalded alive in the cup of water as they gave off hissing bubbles. Convinced that memory keeps everything one of the most amazing wonders of this circus, and yet one can imagine a consciousness alert enough to understand that every time he lights his belly this light-bearing bug must feel some inkling of privilege. In just this way La Maga was fascinated with the strange mixups she had become involved in because of the breakdown of the laws governing her Ufe. She was one of those people who could make a bridge collapse simply by walking on it, or who could sobbingly remember having seen in a shop window the lottery ticket which had just won five million. As for me, I'm already used to the fact that quietly exceptional things happen to me, and I don't find it too horrible when I go into a dark room looking for a record album and feel in my hand the wriggling form of a centipede who has chosen to sleep in the binding. That sort of thing. Or finding great gray or green tufts in a pack of cigarettes, or hearing the whistle of a locomotive coincide ex officio in time and pitch with a passage from a symphony by Ludwig van, or going into a pissotière. When I drop something, and it doesn't work if somebody else picks it up because the curse will still be effective. People usually think I'm crazy and I really am crazy when I do it, when I pounce on a pencil or a piece of paper which I have dropped, like the night I dropped a lump of sugar in that restaurant on the Rue Scribe, a posh place with an overload of salesmen, whores with silver foxes, and well-established married couples. We were there with Ronald and Etienne, and I dropped a lump of sugar. It landed underneath a table some distance from ours. The first thing that had drawn my attention was how it had rolled so far away, because most often a lump of sugar will stay where it lands, obeying obvious geometrical principles. But this one took off like a mothball, heightening my worry, and I began to feel that it had actually been snatched out of my hand. Ronald knows me, and by then quite desperate and began to grab at the women's shoes to see if the lump might not be hiding under the arch of one, while the chickens cackled and the businessmen-roosters pecked me on the back. I could hear Ronald and Etienne breaking up with laughter as I moved from one table to another until I found the lump ensconced behind an Empire foot. Everybody was furious and so was I, as I held the sugar tightly in my palm and felt it dissolve in the sweat my hand gave off, as if it were some sort of mean and sticky vengeance meant to terminate another one of those episodes that I was always getting involved in.

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II

AT first it had been like a bloodletting, being here, a flogging to be taken internally, the need to feel a stupid blue-covered passport in my coat pocket, the hotel key hung securely on its rack. Fear, ignorance, bewilderment. This is the name of this thing, that's how you ask for that thing, now that woman is going to smile, the Jardin des Plantes starts at the end of that street. Paris, a postcard with of me, unfold again after having been so alone and so in love for a moment, face to face with the eternity of her body.

At the moment, and we would go from memories of school to a plate of warmed-over noodles, mixing wine and beer and lemonade, going to the corner to buy two dozen oysters from the old woman there, playing Schubert songs on Madame Noguet's shell of a piano, or Bach preludes, or putting up with Porgy and Bess along with steak and pickles. The disorder in which we lived, or the order, rather, which saw a bidé quickly and naturally changed into a storage place for records and unanswered letters, seemed to me like some sort of necessary discipline, although I didn't care to tell my feelings. It didn't take me long to understand that you didn't discuss reality in methodical terms with La Maga. Praise of disorder, deliberately flat beer, always being myself and my life; there was I with my life face to face with other people's lives. But I was proud nonetheless to be a conscious bum and to have lived under all sorts of moons, in all kinds of scrapes with La Maga and Ronald and Rocamadour and the Club and the streets and my moral sickness and other worse ones, and Berthe Trépat and sometimes hunger and old man Trouille, who used to get me out of trouble, under the leaves of vomity nights of music and tobacco and little meannesses and all kinds of exchanges, because underneath and on top of it all I had refused to pretend like normal bohemians that the chaos of my affairs and finances was some sort of higher spiritual order or something else with an equally disgusting label, nor had I accepted the notion that all one needed was just one split second of decency (decency, now, young fellow!) to crawl out from the midst of so much filthy cotton. And that's how I had met Lieh.

I have plucked me out of this vigilance in the depths of emptiness for just a moment. Too late, always too late, because even though we made love so many times, happiness must have been something else, something sadder perhaps than this peace, this pleasure, a mood of unicorn or island, an endless fall in immobility. Now I did not know that my kisses were like eyes which began to open up beyond her, and that I went along outside as if I saw a different concept of the world, the dizzy.

Oliveira was sitting on the bed smoking his third insomniac cigarette. Once or twice he softly stroked the skin of La Maga, who was next to him, asleep. It was just before dawn on Monday and they had already let Sunday afternoon and evening slip by reading, listening to records, getting up alternately to warm up some coffee or prepare some mate. I had fallen asleep during the last movement of a Haydn quartet and since he did not want to listen any more, Oliveira had pulled out the plug of the phonograph as he lay there on the bed. The record kept on spinning a little more, but there was no more sound from the speaker. He didn't know why, but this stupid inertia had made him think about the apparently useless movements of some insects, of some children. He couldn't sleep and he looked out the open window towards the garret where a hunchbacked violinist was studying very late. It was not a warm night, but her body warmed up his leg and his right side; he moved away little by little and thought that it was going to be a long night.
He would be here and not there, or going into a house instead of not going in or instead of going into the one next door; in other words, every act entailed the admission of a lack, of something not yet done and which could have been done, the tacit protest in the face of continuous evidence of a lack, of a reduction, of the inadequacy of the present moment. To believe that action could crown something, or that the sum total of actions could really be a life worthy of the name was the illusion of a moralist. It was better to withdraw, because withdrawal from action was the protest itself and not its mask. Oliveira lit another cigarette and this little action made him smile ironically and tease himself about the act itself. He was not too worried about superficial analyses, almost always perverted by distraction and linguistic traps. The only thing certain was the weight in the pit of his stomach, the physical suspicion that something was not going well and that perhaps it never had gone well. It was not even a problem, but rather the early denial of both collective lies and that grumpy solitude.

Then he felt about Ghirlandaio or Dostoevsky. In Paris everything was Buenos Aires, and vice versa; in the most eager moments of love he would suffer loss and loneliness and relish it. A perniciously comfortable attitude which even becomes easy as it grows into a reflex or technique; the frightful lucidity of the paralytic, the blindness of the perfectly stupid athlete. One begins to go about with the sluggish step of a philosopher or a clochard, as more and more vital gestures become reduced to mere instincts of preservation, to a conscience more alert not to be deceived the pure dialectical process again as vacillation.

Part VI

I. La Dia

The process of working on philosophy has to be related to poetry and art, in the sense though of this process of humour as well.

II. La Amana

It should be sex, and poetry which solves the case.

III. Lacan

Spanish language depicts salir de noche as cure.

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All those Stories called Many Stories

IV. Milner

Ilaan is busy working on jazz dialectics – he has to prove freedom which is actually proven by psychoanalysis as in fact the process of in fact, cinematic evidence – that he is illusionary now, which is in fact imbibition, which though he is a master of by now. It usually is Abrahamic visions with killing stuff. He just jokes on Abrahamic visions.

V. La Pelara

Spanish proves everything. “La processo es infindad para otros, y luego la yo, y también como Hebrew.”

VI. Breton’s Nadja

In fact a woman is passing by, I edit this to a woman is sitting in a car and passing by.